
THE FLOWERS IN THE GROUND.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Under the coffin-lids there are roses:

They bud, like dreams, in the sleep of the dead;
And the long, vague dark that 'round them closes
Is flushed and sweet with their glory of red.

In the buried seeds of love they blossom,
All crimson-ensained from its blood, they start;
And each sleeper wears them on his bosom,
Clasped over the pallid dust of his heart.

Above them the summers are fading forever,
And are falling into the rain; but, oh!
The stormy winds of the ages never
Can blow out *their* bloom of flame, we know.

When the Angel of Morning shall shake the slumber
Away from the graves with his sunny wings,
He will gather those roses—an infinite number—
And take them to Heaven—the beautiful things!
